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Doetrn.

ON THE DEATH OF A POETESS.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

As they floated sweetly by; And my heart has filled with responsive tones

I have heard the echo of fairy songs,

Sounds on the May-day air,
And a form lies cold as a marble cell,
The spirit no longer there!
The Asvirr Bains!—The Post wirz!

The garlands of love are fallen to dust,

And the broken lyre is still; Many a heart with that blow is crushed;

Eyes with warm tears will fill!

But her name set round with pearls of love,

Will live as the years go by:
And her precious thoughts, like the soul above,
Will SEVER—SEVER DIE!

As the stars, when the moon has gently set,

Shine stars, when the moon has gently a
Shine on with a clearer light,
So her glowing words, more radiant yet,
Will glitter increasingly bright.
We bid farewell to a child of earth,
But to welcome an angel in heaven:

The same sweet spirit that here had birth, To the scraph band is given.

e would rather be like."

queen of flowers or none!"

Miscellaneons.

The Flower that Looks Upward.

"For my part," observed her sister Helen

er of honey dew from its roseate cups, and im-

rhododendron, if they could? But it is very

I have the slightest control over myself-

heavenly Father is upon us."

"I wish I could," replied Helen.

should so soon close up and fade."

have mentioned are great favorites of mine.

But I should like to resemble the daisy

"Do tell me," said Helen, as they walked

home together, carrying the flowers which they had gathered to adorn their several

dwellings: "do tell me why you wish, just now,

to be always looking upward like the daisy."

"O' Helen, can you ask? What more

we require for happiness than to be able, let

the cloud be ever so dark, to look upward with

the eye of faith and say, "It is the lord's will, and therefore it is best?"

"Do you always think thus?" asked Helen.

"Alas, no!" replied poor Lucy, while the tears fell fast; "but I am trying, and praying

The Love of Home.

cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were

to God to teach me."

most, because it is always looking upwards.

Oh the light of that eye is gone! And mournfully quenched that flame of life, Where genius so brilliantly shown.

THE NAPOLEON OF DUELISTS.

Four years ago, when Theodore Parker, the UF Wagive place to the following touching stantas suggested by the recent decease of Mrs. Osgood, with much pleasure, and should be happy to hear ton visited Europe, having a letter of introduction for that purpose, he called on Thomas
Carlyle. The English solitaire plied the
Still the gambler persevered in the from our fair correspondent again. [N. Y Ex. To the Poet's includy.
She has wreathed the world with gems and flowe.
They hang in cottage and half,
And her soft sweet music has gladdened the hou.
As it came alike to all.

JAMES BOWIE.

The burning sympathiser with the heroic in all its phases, rubbed his hands together, chuckling in an ecstacy of savage glee, and made Parker repeat his story of bloody anecdotes. Finally he put the question—
But by what miracle could it happen that

the brave fellow escaped the capital penalty of the law after such countless violations?" To this interrogatory Parker, as he himself onfessed, could return no satisfactory answer; and as ten thousand readers have perhaps pondered the same problem without conceivthe great system of common law, that 'perfection of human reason' for the Anglo Saxon A group of young and light-hearted girls sat together in the twilight, busily arranging the flowers they had been gathering in the shade to each, nevertheless in its but he instantly lost color as a low calm voice stones of church and state. But he gambler emitted a hoarse laugh that our hearth-stones guarded by the holy forms sounded frightful as the chuckle of a fiend; but he instantly lost color as a low calm voice stones of church and state; more sacred than the partially as to the mode and measure of punishment annexed to each, nevertheless in its race, prevails throughout all the states of the "What beautiful things flowers are!" said trolled by the power of a far mightier law—
"And what a pleasant are said trolled by the power of a far mightier law—
"Villian you play a one. "And what a pleasant amusement it the omnipotent law of pupile opinion; because would be, now that we are all sitting here so in most western courts juries are absolute quietly, if each were to choose which flower judges of both the law and the fact, and their interpretations often evince direct antagonism

laimed Laura Bannet, a little proudly—and ic comments of Blackstone.

colding up a moss rose as she spoke. "Among On the subject of homicide in particular. all the flowers that grow, there is none to vie public opinion has passed the bounds of all in beauty with the rose. Let me be the books of jurisprudence, and settled as an immutable statute this extraordinary axiom: 'It is justifiable to kill in fair combat every

should like to resemble the luxuriant rhodbody and any body who ought to be killed! In Bowie's numerous rencountres he always kept within the prescribed limits of this latikept within the prescribed limits of this lati-tudinarian rule, and hence he was always ac-John Lafitte, a bastard of the old pirate! ery sacred thought. Here the church and state must come for their origin and support. of flowers. When any one, in passing, shakes it roughly, it scatters, as we are told, a showquitted by frontier juries, and frequently with mediately begins to fill its chalices a new with transparent ambrosia;" teaching us to shower by to his character as a chivalrous gentleman. sweetness even upon the hands that disturb in truth, most of his desperate engagements us, and to fill again with pure honeydrops the chalices of our inward thoughts. Oh! who would not wish to be meck, and forgive like the chododendron, if they could? But it is very sent this peculiarity in the strongest light, and difficult." added poor Helen, with tears in her may, besides, reveal a thorough knowledge of difficult," added poor Helen, with tears in her the heart and soul of the man.

On the evening of the fourth of June, 1835. "It is indeed," said Lucy Neville, gently, "if looks at me in his grave, kind manner, that What a pity it is," said Lucy, simply, "that we tion by the annoying cagerness with which he endeavored to make up a party at cards. Included, his oft-repeated and persevering efforts deed, his oft-repeated and persevering efforts to that end soon became insulting and unen to the money in large bills. The gambler went five thousand dollars higher, which resulted in another charge, but still was afraid to fire. Coldness may spring up, distance may separ. He kept on charging without firing until he subject of small coin. It is very important the use that omus us. Coldness may spring up, distance may separ. He kept on charging without firing until he subject of small coin. It is very important the use that omus us. Coldness may spring up, distance may separ. He kept on charging without firing until he subject of small coin. It is very important the use that omus us. Coldness may spring up, distance may separ. He kept on charging without firing until he subject of small coin. It is very important the use that omus us. Coldness may spring up, distance may separ. He kept on charging without firing until he subject of small coin. It is very important the use that omus us. Coldness may spring up, distance may separ. He kept on charging without firing until he subject of small coin. It is very important the use that of the coldness may spring up, distance may separ. The service of the coldness may separ. The service of cannot always remember that the eye of our "I have heard my mother say," observed Lucy, "that praying is better than wishing." to deter the bravest on board from administer-"Now, Clara," interrupted Laura Bennet, ing the chastisement which he so richly deturning impatiently toward a fair, gentle look- served. He was a huge mass of mighty bone g girl by her side, "we are waiting for you." and mucles, with swarthy features, bearing the Clara smiled, and immediately chose the impress of many a scar; piercing dark eyes, the cambles record. pale convolvulus, or bindweed, winding so such as haunt the memory painfully; a rank the gambler roared—carelessly in and out among the bushes, and luxuriance of coal-black hair, immense whiskflinging over them a graceful covering, an ers and mouatache. This savage looking figemblem of meek beauty is," said she, that it ure was habited with the costliest clothing, and "But what says our dear Lucy," exclaimed Helen.

"But what says our dear Lucy," exclaimed Helen.

"I think that I can guess," said Clara Sey"I think tha to render him an object of terror. A connois-seur in the science of beligerent gymnastics, would have confidently pronounced him a our, 'either a violet or heart's ease -am 1 to render him an object of terror. A connois-"Not quite," replied Lucy, with a deep blush, "although both the flowers that you

any aid from lead or cold steel. soon absorbed in that most perilous of all ex- is a dream, and that dream only musiccitements, of which the two alluring ingredi- chaunted their wild anthem to the new day; the attentions which gratify the heart, is a poents are the vanity and pride of individual while the two great duelists, the most deadly At first the stakes were small, and the run of ed pistols, eye to eye, and their fingers fixed chant; but presently they bet more freely, and slay and be slain. changed-ebbed sway from the young mer- lips. chant, and flowed to the professional gambler in a stream like the oceans tide. As usually in tones murderous as death. happens in such cases, his want of success on- The two pistols roared simultaneously. their teeth were set hard as those of antag- pirate Layfitte. rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of him- onists in the tug of mortal strife—the sweat

self need not be ashamed of his early condition. rolled from their brows like great drops of west who would have brought in a verdict I did not happen to me to be born in a log rain. The passengers formed a circle around the pecially under the circumstances, because pubborn in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so ear-such extraordinary concentration of intellect killed.' And such were the desperadoes that ly as that when the smoke first rose from its and passion never fails to inspire even in bo- Bowie commonly exterminated. de chimney, and curled over the frozen soms that shudder at its excess. The merments on the rivers of Canada. Its remains the latter was one presenting a countenance his beautiful wife, who both received the boon still exist, I make to it an annual visit. I so piteous that it might have melted hearts carry my children to it, to teach them the of marble to tears. A pale and exquisitely and joy.

hardships endured by the generations which beautiful face peeped incessantly from the half-

primitive family abode. I weep to think that parting hope! none of those who inhabited it are now from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity, be blotted forey from the memory of mankind!

Daniel Webster.

will till a humble though safe niche in the probably they have been frozen up in that middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in that middle part of that passage for nearly three can never be forgotten till the bowels of the whaler informed up that same and the name buckskin, ornamented with long swaling tassels, of those blades of steel which bear his imperious will till a humble though safe niche in the probably they have been frozen up in that middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of that passage for nearly three can never be forgotten till the bowels of the whaler informed up that Sir John Franklin dispatched his first down. The probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of the whaler informed up the can never be forgotten till the bowels of the whaler informed up the probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of the same up in the middle part of that passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of the passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of the passage; most probably they have been froz

beads, after the fashion of some western Indinns. He stood close beside the card table. and held in his left hand a sheet of paper, in minent theo-philanthropic preacher of Bos- his right a large pencil, with which ever and anon he dashed of a few words, as if engaged

Still the gambler persevered in their phys American with innumerable questions relating to our customs and habits of social existence on this side of the great water, but manifested ed to the world shadows of midnight; but still the keenest curiosity concerning the people of they did not pause. It still was 'shufflle and the backwoods. Parker drew for the others's amusement a vivid sketch of the achievments down the pile.' To'ards morning a tremendous of Bowie, the famous arch-duelist of Texas. storm arose. The red lightning flashed awful Carlyle listened with sparkling eyes till the ly—the hail poured down like a frozen cata-close of the narrative, and then burst into ex-'By Hercules! the man was greater than Czesar or Cromwell—nay, nearly equal to Odin or Thor. The Texans ought to build him an altar.' smiling blue eyed stranger in buckskin still stood by them with his pencil and paper, calmly noticing the developments of the game.

Finally the storm passed, as the beautiful day-break came out like a thing of glory in the great grey east. Then the infatuated merchant, distracted with his heavy losses, dared the climax of folly. He staked five thousand dollars, comprising his last cent of money in the world, on 'two pairs of kings.'-The whiskered gambler 'called him,' then show-ed hands, the blackleg had 'two pair of aces,' and 'raked the board.' The merchant droping a rational solution, it may not be uninteresting to explain it briefly, especially as a clear elucidation can be detailed in a few words.

and 'raked the board.' The merchant droptom tian Enquire to meet it: the brain, and that beautiful young wife flew Let it be remembered, then, that although to his side and fell shricking upon his bosom. They were both borne away insensible to the

As he deposited the winnings in his pocket,

blue eyes so prematurely bright, and shud-dered. But he immediately regained his pres-did not invent, and he cannot improve or ab-"Just as if there could be any choice," ex- with the dicta of my Lord Coke and the classence of mind-for he was no coward-and rogate them. A private shelter to cover in then he frowned till his shaggy brows met two hearts dearer to each other than all in the like the coil of a serpent, and demanded stern-

> Beggar, who are you to banter a gentleman thus rudely? 'I am James Bowie, of Texas,' the other an-

The gambler reeled in his chair as if he had been struck by a thunderbolt, but recovered again from the shock in a moment, and asked goodness; the purity and disinterested tender-'What game do you wish with me?'

*Poker first, and pistols afterwards, if you play foul,' replied Bowie. 'Very well,' rejoined the other, and they

took their seats at the table. For a time the success seemed about equally balanced, the gain and loss being alternate. the steam boat Rob Roy started from St. Louis At last the gambler ventured one of his skillto New Orleans with a full crowd of passen- ful maneuvers in dealing. Bowie smiled gers. Immediately after getting under good strangely as his quick eye detected the trick headway, to adopt a favorite backwoods He said nothing, however, but looked at his phrase, one person attracted universal atten- hand, and bet five thousand dollars, staking

hands he raked the heap of notes to the tune for these is the strong spark in our expiring

To the hurricane deck, and let pistols be trumps this turn!

gold eagles and hundred dollar notes were I am ready. You give the word, cried showered down on the board with extrava- Bowie, in his clear, ringing voice, and with that kindness and good will towards his fellow men gant ardor: and then the current of fortune inseparable smile of strange meaning on his and who is guided in the exercise of those

'I am ready. Fire!' shouted the gambler, ly piqued and maddened the loser, and he Bowie did not more though he barely escap-It is only shallow-minded pretenders, who sought to recover himself by hazarding such ed with his life, for the bullet of his foe had either make distinguished origin a matter of desperate ventures as could not but deepen cut away one of the golden locks of his yellow

personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of and confirm his ruin. And thus they contin- hair; the gambler was shot through the heart, personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at used during the long summer night. The in-the humble condition of early life affect no-tensity of their excitement became equivalent most tumbled into the river. He was buried body in this country but those who are foolish to insanity. Every neve was strung-every by the squatters at the next wood yard. And enough to indulge in them, and they are gen- energy of the brain was taxed to the utmost thus perished justly a bastard son of the great always kind, they never turn up their noses

The generous victor immediately proceeded hill, there was no similar evidence of a white chant and gambler attracted all eyes, and kept to the ladies' cabin and restored the winnings man's babitation between it and the settle- many awake and gazing till morning. Among of the gambler to the young merchant and

have gone before them. I love to dwell on opened door of the ladies cabin, weeping all the exploits of James Bowie, his character the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the the while as if oppressed by some dreadful sen- could not be rendered more transparent than early affections, and the narrations and in- sation of immedicable sorrow. It was the mer- it is revealed in the foregoing anecdote. He cidents, which mingle with all I know of this chant's lovely wife weeping her farewell to de- was always the same—the friend of the feeble, the protector of the oppressed, and the sworn There was one spectator also, whose ap- enemy of tyrants. He was brave without fear, among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and curiosity as the players did themselves. He had faults gigantic, too, he atoned for all defended it against savage violence and de-struction, cherished all domestic virtues be-handsome features, golden hair, keen blue eyes his magnificent death. His tomb is the Alaneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of preternatural brightness, and his firm, thin mo, his epitaph the word 'Toxas,' and his fame

What a World Might be. BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! what a world it might be. If hearts were always kind; If, friendship, none would slight thee, And fortune prove less kind! With love's own voice to guide us-Unchangingly and fond-With all we wish beside us,

And not a care beyond. Oh! what a world it might be! More blessed than that of yore; · Come, learn, and 'twill requite ye, To love each other more.

Oh! what a world of beauty A loving heart might plan-If man but did his duty, And helped his fellow man! Then angel guests would brighten The threshold with their wings, And love divine enlighten

The old forgotten springs; Oh! what a world of beauty A loving heart might plan-If man but did his duty, And helped his fellow man!

Home and Women.

If there has ever been a more touching and eloquent elogium upon the charms of home. and its dearest treasure, woman, than is contained in the following extract from the Christian Enquirer, it has not been our good fortune

" Our homes what is their corner-stone but the virtue of a woman, and on what does social well-being rest but our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to either, more necessary than both? Let our Villian you play a strong hand at many temples crumble, and our academies decay; different games, but here stands one that can beat you at all of them!' He turned met the glance of those keen but spare our homes. Let no socialist invade world; high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being; seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a holy and peculiar name-this is home; and here is the birth-place of every virtuous impulse, and ev-Oh! spare our homes! The love we experience there gives us our faith in an infinite We who have played on the same hearth, un-der the lights of the same smile, who date

back to the same scene and season of innocence and hope, in whose veins runs the same blood, do we not find that years only make more sacred and more important the tie that binds us? Coldness may spring up, distance may separate of the control of himself gave, are wholly unlike any we can 'Not yet,' shouted Bowie, as with both choose for ourselves, and that the yearning

> affection," What is it to be Polite?

Politeness is a trait which every one admires, and which confers upon its possessor a 'Good as gold!' replied Bowie, and the two charm that does much to pave the way of match for any five men on the deck, without en for its background. The broad-bosomed ness of those around you; in the readiness to river rolled away like an immense sheet of sacrifice your ease and comfort to the enjoy At length, after many failures, he prevailed burnished silver, speckled here and there with ment of others. The man who lays saide all on a wealthy young merchant of Natchez to join him at a game of poker. They sat down gamboled in the sparkling wave; and all the beside a small table near the bar, and were bright birds—those sweet singers, whose life speaks in the language of kindness and conciliation, and who studies to manifest those litlite man, though he may wear a home-spur skill, and the uncertainty of general hazard .- ever known in the south-west, stood with cock- coat, and make a very ungraceful bow. And many a fashionable person who enters the the cards seemed wholly in favor of the mer- on the hair triggers, prepared and waiting to most crowded apartments with assurance and ease, is a perfect compound of rudeness and incivility. He who has a heart flowing with feelings by good common sense, is the truly polite man-and he alone.

A Happy Girl. Ay, she is a happy girl, we know by her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and before your face, or slander you behind your There never was a jury empanelled in the back. They have more good sense and betagainst any man for killing him, and more esbound girls compared with these? Good for nothing but to look at, and that is rather disand idle simpletons. Anon.

> Youth is a glorious invention. While the girls chase the hours, and you chase the girls, the months seem to dance away "with down upon their feet." What a pity your summer is so short! Before you know it lovers be-Anon.

imals which exist on the river Hyparies, whose age is but a day. Those which die at those which fall away at noon are in their those which fall away at noon are in their prime; and at nightfall they drop away of decripit old age. What a beautiful miniature of our own existence—how readily the mind on us, but muslin must be riz!"

Franklin and his party at the Sandwich Islands for an existence of five years. They choring, after an absence of five years. They have discovered the north-west passage; most on us, but muslin must be riz!"

The Reality of Equality.

Rothehild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor newspaper writer, and leston News says an ingenious mechanic in the great banker cannot order a private sun- Washington has invented a kind of telegrap

The Savannah Republican, commenting

Lost Snuffers.

"I wonder what has become of the snur fers?" said Mrs Johnson. "I have been looking for them all the evening, and can't find

them high or low. Nobody could give her any information.— After awhile the hired Dutchman, getting sleepy, commenced pulling off his boots, pre-

A Man of Turkish Practices. A witness in the Parker murder trial, in New Hampshire, thus relates his matrimonial

years ago."

and, grasping the old continental, discharged it.

Mrs. Partington, upon reading in the From a gentleman just down from Council Boston Post that the Boston Light Guard ap- Bluffs, we learn that the cholera is prevail peared last evening in 'undress uniform,' said, to a very considerable extent among the Cali they don't train in the day time-I am.'

late Medical Supper in Columbus, Ohio: The Ladies-The only successful Homospathists. They cure man's greatest malady—
of the heart—by a 'leetle' of the same sort!

mothers; at six our fathers; at ten holidays; to spend all they had, and even to sell their at sixteen dress; at twenty our sweethearts; outfits, at the points on the Missouri where at twenty-five our wives; at forty our children; they were detained by the backwardness of at sixty ourselves.

COURTSHIP.—The plain English of the politest address of a gentleman to a lady is: am now, dear madam, the humblest of your soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls servants—be so good as to allow me to be we love and respect wherever we find them— your lord and master."

you have asked your wife. Of all spendthrifts ey with whom he met at Council Bluffs. back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are flirts and bustleman is most so. We care not how much obliged to write to Galena for funds, to enable money a man may make, if his wife do not him to commence his journey. From accounts second his endeavors, he is just as sure of dy- that have reached us through various sources, gusting. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable trusted every body. trusted every body.

A MALE FLIRT.-A monster in cassimere -a wretch, in short, who trifles with the best affections of a young girl, and then flings her Sir John Franklin again Reported Safe. aside as he would a dead pink, or any faded flowers off of which he had taken the bloom. come deacons, and romps grandmothers. Such Mrs. Smithers says, such a man ought to be squeezed to death with mountains, without the received by Mr. George Tucker, of Pembroks benefit of hollering.

Mrs. Partington says that in her youth- board her Majesty's ship Hastings :-- N.Y.Ez. ful days, "the cow-tillion was thought the oneight o'clock in the morning are in youth; and ly genteel dance among good society; but now those which fall away at noon are in their the fushionables have wrung in the cow-choker Franklin and his party at the Sandwich Islands.

boys said of the molasses, 'let her run!" ately for England with the intelligence."

How the Spy was Detected.

The Washington correspondent of the Char-

set, nor add one ray to the magnificence of the night. The same air swells all lungs, together. In this bullet despatch of several lines written on this paper may be compress one possesses really, only his own thoughts, ed and then fired from a musket to a consider and his own senses. Soul and body; these able distance. In time of war this contri are all the property which a man completely vance might be made very useful in convey In this life, so partaken by annihilation, The screw bullet, however, he adds, is no new In this life, so partaken by annihilation, what is there that is real? Is it our sleeping, or our waking; our dreaming or our thoughts? Do we arise (to the more valuable life) when we go to bed, or go to bed when we arise? No! man is no proprietor! Or he owns but the breath as it traverses his lips, and the idea as it flits across the mind. And even the idea often belongs to another.

Proposed Convention of Handsome Men.

A "Boston correspondent" says:

The screw bullet, however, he adds, is no new thing, as the following account will prove:—
In the year 1775, when Gov. George Clinton resided in Albany, there came a stranger to his house, one cold winter morning, soon after the family had breakfasted. He was welcomed by the household and hospitably entertained. A breakfast was ordered, and the governor, with his wife and daughter who were sitting before the employed in Initing, entered into conversation with him about the affairs of the country, which naturally led to the inquiry what was his occupation. The the inquiry what was his occupation. The "A Convention of handsome men" is seriously contemplated by divers citizens of New York, Baltimore and Boston, the same to be holden at Newport or Saratoga during the approaching summer. At the preliminary meetings in the various country towns and recommendated his suspection in the various country towns and recommendated his suspection. The preliminary meetings in the various country towns and recommendate the suspection. The suspection of the licenses was the suspection of the licenses was the suspection. The suspection and hesitation with which the stranger replied aroused the suspicion of the licenses of the licenses was the suspection. The suspection and hesitation with which the stranger replied aroused the suspicion of the licenses o cities, to choose delegates to this important Congress, of course the best looking men will be selected. It is anticipated that this convention will attract multitudes of female spectators. mediately prepared, and added to it a stron upon this subject, opines that there will be "many a lady present, if the convention ever comes off."

the Savannan reputonean, commenting upon this subject, opines that there will be dose of tartar emetic. The stranger delighted with the smoking beverage, partook feely of it, and Madame Clinton soon had the satisfaction of seeing it produce the desired effect. True to Scripture, "out of his own mouth he was condemned." A silver bullet appeared which, upon examination, was unscrewed, and found to contain an important despatch to Burgoyne. The Spy was tried, convicted and executed, and the bullet is still preserved in the family.

Small Coins, Cheap Postage &c. "All dis day," said he, "I dink I ket some little grabble stones in my poot. I kess I kit graph touching the new coinage which Senator Dickinson has proposed in the bill now befere the U.S. Senate-

"The obliging officers of the U. S. Mint have sent us new specimens or illustration the two new coins (lately struck at the mint,) proposed in the bill presented by Mr. Dichin-son, in the United States Senate. The cent, containing a small proportion of silver is de-signed a substitute for the copper coin now I did not live with her; she left me and I issued. It weighs twenty-five grains; the married a third wife. I did not live with her present cent, one hundred and sixty-eight. goodness; the purity and disinterested tenderness of home is our foretaste and our earness of home is our foretaste and our earness of a better world. In the relations there established and fostered, do we find through life the chief solace and joy of existence.—
What friends deserve the name compared to those whom a birthwright gave us? One mother is worth a thousand friends; one sister truer than twenty intimate companions. We who have placed on the same hearth us.

Married a third wile. I did not live with her because I married a third wile. I did not live with her because I did not live with her because I married a to. I was married a fourth time to a woman, by whom I had three children. She died, and I married a fifth, living with her between two and three years, but had no children; I don't know but what she's in heaven—I never asked her where she was going. I married a sixth wife at Asa Wentworth's house, in Manchester, about six lar. These coins are decidely more elegant Wentworth's house, in Manchester, about six lar. These coins are decidely more elegant and convenient than those now in use.

> The recoil was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back; she promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out, "Lay still granny, there are five more charges to go still granny, there are five more charges to go off yet."
>
> lowest com a mar unite, still granny, there are five more charges to go the filthy verdigris. With cheap postage—if we ever get it—a small silver coin of the charge will be a small same value of single letter postage, will be for One of the greatest advantages of a an absolute necessity of life everywhere, and newspaper in a family of children is a con- the reduction of postage will furnish an ex-

> > Cholera on the Plains.

Well, if soldiers will go naked, I am glad that fornia emigrants on the plains. Our informable don't train in the day time—I am.' in which it was stated that sixteen members The following toast was given at the of the Marshall company, from Michigan, had died of it. Six of another company had also died of it, and many were down, and it was The Ladies—The only successful Homesthists. They cure man's greatest malady—
f the heart—by a 'leetle' of the same sort!

Love.—At three years of age we love our

dead of it, and many were down, and it was
doubtful whether they would recover. He
represents the suffering from exposure, and absolute want among the emigrants, to be extreme, and truly deplorable. Many who left
their homes with small means, were obliged the spring; and were thus left destitute unable alike to proceed or to return. As every thing in the way of provisions was exorbits ly high, many, very many, thus stripped of their all, were actually suffering from want.— Our informant gave us, as an instance of the expense attending reaching and sojourning on the western frontier, the case of a gentleman from Galena, who left this city in April, with 25 Don't say you will become rich till four teams, and seven hundred dollars in monfrom the plains, as the emigration proceed on their long and fatiguing journey.

[St. Louis Organ, 28th ult.

> The Devonport (England) Independent publishes the following extract from a letter street, Devenport, Dated Hong Kong, Feb. 27, from his son, who is master's assistant on

"We have just received intelligence by an American whaler of the arrival of Sir John